

DOESN'T NEED ANY LAXATIVES NOW

Mr. Becker says life is a joy, without constipation or stomach trouble.

"I had catarrh of the stomach and head for three years. My stomach was so bad that every time I ate anything solid, such as fruit or pastry, the burning hot water would run out of my mouth. I took a laxative every night."

"Since taking Milk's Emulsion my bowels move regularly. I have now taken ten bottles and have gained 10½ pounds. All my friends remark how fine I am looking, and it seems a pleasure to live again, without stomach trouble."—Bert Becker, Miami, Ohio.

Physicians usually make slaves out of their users, and weaken the bowels instead of correcting them. Stomach trouble in many cases is directly due to constipation.

Milk's Emulsion is a pleasant, nutritive food and a corrective medicine. It restores healthy, natural bowel action, doing away with all need of pills and physics. It promotes appetite and quickly gets the digestive organs in shape to assimilate food. As a builder of flesh and strength, Milk's Emulsion is strongly recommended to those whose sickness has weakened, and is a powerful aid in restoring and repairing the effects of wasting diseases. Chronic stomach trouble and constipation are promptly relieved—usually in one day.

This is the only solid emulsion made, and so palatable that it is eaten with a spoon like ice cream. Truly wonderful for weak, sickly children.

No matter how severe your case, you are urged to try Milk's Emulsion under this guarantee—Take six bottles, home with you, use it according to directions, and if not satisfied with the results your money will be promptly refunded. Price 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. The Milk's Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind. Sold by druggists everywhere.—Adv.

Men with soft snaps don't realize what a hard world this is.

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for anything.

It is nature's great help in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. Or, at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Opportunity Knocked. Garcon—You look sweet enough to eat.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of S. CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public, State of Ohio, do hereby certify that said F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the true and lawful owner of said S. CATARRH MEDICINE.

Some men worry because they have no work and some others worry because they have.

Fitted for the Films. "How are you getting along with your scenario of 'Hamlet'?"

"Nicely. Just cast your eye over these."

"To be or not to be."

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy."

"Alas, poor Yorick."

"Well?"

"Shakespeare is just full of good titles."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin. Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

High Aspirations. "You are fond of school, aren't you, dear?" asked a teacher of a pupil who had just finished her first week.

"Why, Miss Andrews," replied the little tot, "I mean to go to all the schools they is until I get to the highest school, and I mean to study all the histories they is until I study the highest one. I mean to study the history of the angels, even."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletchman.

In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletchman's Castoria.

Widely Divergent Interests. Willis—I suppose the strike in your town is a purely local affair?

Gillis—Not in the least. The works are owned by Boston parties, the manager is from Chicago, the workmen came from Seattle, the labor organizer hails from New York, the strike-breakers were imported from Alabama, and the troops were sent by the governor. Our only local interest is ducking bricks.—Judge.

The House of Whispers

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

"LEFTY MOORE'S WIFE."

Synopsis.—Spalding Nelson receives an invitation to dinner from his great-uncle, Rufus Gaston. On the way he meets Barbara Bradford and renders her a service. She lives in the same apartment building as the Gastons. They go there together. Gaston and his wife are going to Maine for a trip and ask Nelson to live in their apartment. He accepts. The Gastons tell him of mysterious noises about the apartment—"whispers" and noises that have scared them. Going to the apartment a few days later Nelson again meets Barbara, his accidental acquaintance. Nelson meets the building superintendent, Wick, and instinctively dislikes him. In a wall safe he finds a necklace of magnificent pearls. Next day Nelson finds the pearls have disappeared from the wall safe. His first idea of informing the police is not acted upon because of peculiar circumstances. He has been discharged from his position without adequate explanation or reason, and feels himself involved in something of a mystery. He decides to conduct an investigation himself. That night Barbara signals from the window of her apartment, which is opposite his, and they arrange a meeting for next day. In the morning he finds a note in his room, asking him why he had not informed the police of the loss of the jewels. Barbara tells Nelson her sister, Claire, had some years before made a run-away marriage with an adventurer, from whom she was soon parted, and the marriage had been annulled. Claire is engaged to be married and someone, knowing of her escapade, has stolen documents concerning the affair from the Bradford apartment and is attempting to blackmail the Bradfords. Nelson and Barbara exchange confidences about the "whispers," mysterious notes and other queer doings, which are much alike in both apartments. Nelson encounters more mysteries. He takes Miss Kelly, the telephone girl, to dinner with the idea of pumping her.

CHAPTER VI.

Left alone for a moment by my companion, I sat there at the table in the crowded restaurant, idly watching the beautifully costumed women all about me, listening dreamily to the music of the orchestra, observing with interest the graceful gyrations of the occasional couple who sought the dancing floor in the center, when suddenly I was brought to myself by hearing a gruff voice saying:

"What'd you bring that crook in here for?"

"What do you mean?" I gasped in astonishment, looking up at a square-shouldered man with a nearly trimmed black mustache who was standing beside my table.

"It's you I mean," he announced. "Don't you know you can't bring that kind of people in here?"

As explanation for my presence there in the White room of the famous Hundreth hotel, let me say that my investigations into the perplexing chain of mysterious circumstances in which Barbara Bradford and I seemed to be each day becoming more firmly involved, had finally led me to deduce three different theories, each more or less plausible, and each involving an entirely different set of persons.

There were certain happenings and circumstances that made me sometimes wonder if the whole thing were not a base plot on the part of my great-uncle Rufus, perhaps influenced by a desire for revenge or perhaps led on by an insane greed for still greater wealth.

Yet, on the other hand, there were those entries in his diary about the mysterious voices. Apparently, too, his wife and Mrs. Burke had heard them.

Did it not seem more likely that the arch plotter was Claire Bradford's ex-husband?

This theory seemed far more tenable. While the Bradfords had heard nothing from him for several years, the publication of Claire Bradford's engagement might have attracted his notice and inspired him to an attempt at blackmail. Yet how could he gain access to the wall safe where the divorce papers were kept, or how could he be dropping notes on the floor of Barbara Bradford's bedroom? How could he have stolen the Gaston pearls? It seemed incredible but still my thoughts kept returning to the possibility of his directing Claire Bradford's actions through hypnotic control. Once he had had influence over her sufficient to make her give up family, friends, home, everything, to marry him. Had he, in some way unknown to Barbara Bradford, regained his control over her sister and was he using her as the unconscious tool for his villainies? She could have gained access to my room by walking along the ledge when all the house was still. Yet this theory explained neither the theft of the pearls, my great-uncle's peculiar actions, my own discharge, nor the mysterious noises in the apartment. I had still a third theory.

Suppose a band of criminals was located in the apartment house on the floor above the Bradfords and me?

Access to either apartment would not be difficult. By short rope ladders they could easily reach either set of rooms. They would be so located that there would be little difficulty for them to devise mysterious sounds for terrifying the people in the apartments below. I recalled that in every case the voices and the footsteps seemed to come from somewhere up near the ceiling. Of course it seemed preposterous that a criminal band would find lodging in a luxurious apartment house like this, yet, why not? Tenants in these buildings knew little about each other and cared less. There was no exchange of neighborly visits. Once having gained access to such a building by forged references, so long as they paid their rent promptly, no one in the building would bother his head about the character of any of the other tenants.

This last theory seemed the most plausible. Besides it was the easiest to work on. It ought not to be difficult to ascertain who lived in the two apartments above. Undoubtedly my best source of information would be Nellie Kelly, the telephone operator. Perhaps, too, she might be able to inform me of my great-uncle's whereabouts. More than likely he had left a forwarding address for his mail with her.

With a letter I had written to my mother, I descended to the main floor and began a conversation with Miss Kelly by asking where was the nearest place that I could buy stamps. As we chatted I began complaining how lonely it was in the apartment and wound up by inviting her to dine with me that evening.

I had anticipated a ready acceptance of my invitation and was amazed to find it firmly refused. In a much confused manner she advanced a dozen reasons, or rather pretexts. She did not go out with the people of the house. Her mother would not like it. She did not know me well enough. Mr. Wick would discharge her if he heard about it.

From an unexpected source, though none the less unwelcome, I found an ally. Mr. Wick himself bobbed up from somewhere, apparently having overheard enough of our conversation to know what it was about.

"Why, of course, Mr. Nelson," he began in an ingratiating manner that was most repellent to me, "Miss Kelly'll be glad to go to dinner with you. It's part of her business to make things pleasant for the tenants."

It seemed to me that the girl's eyes flashed defiance at him and that she was still inclined to refuse, and I was about to explain resentfully that my invitation was not issued on a business basis, when into Wick's face came an ugly look, something almost threatening.

"Of course Miss Kelly will be glad to go with you," he repeated sharply. "Certainly," said the girl quickly, before I had a chance to speak, "if Mr. Wick thinks it is all right, I will be glad to go."

Her acceptance did not ring true. I was convinced that it was unwillingly given under some sort of compulsion from the odious Wick.

I met her, at her suggestion, in the parlor of one of the less pretentious hotels. In the hour that had elapsed since she left the apartment, she had exchanged her neat black working suit for more modish clothes. After one quick glance at her transformed appearance my mind was quickly made up as to what sort of a restaurant to take her. It was manifest that she was of the type that would enjoy to the utmost the costly whirl of the fashionable cafe of the moment. It was my purpose to give her such a delightful evening that she would be wishing to spend others in the same way, for I felt certain that she, perhaps better than anyone else, could supply me the information I wanted about the tenants in the building. I was sure it would be well worth my while to win her good graces, cost what it may. Calling a taxi, I bade the chauffeur take us to the "White Room," the very latest fashion in restaurants, where hordes of hectic pursuers of pleasure were wont to assemble to dine and dance. I observed the gleam of satisfaction that came into her eyes as she heard me mention our destination.

At first we talked, in Broadway fashion, of the theaters and restaurants, of the place we were in, of the people at the tables about us, but gradually I led the conversation to Miss Kelly herself and to her work in the apartment.

"It was funny, wasn't it," I said, "about Mr. Wick insisting on your coming with me? I had a notion he didn't like me."

Hitherto my companion had been most vivacious, chatting merrily, flashing back at my sallies with clever bits of that slangy repartee of which most of the metropolitan business girls are such clever mistresses. At my last remark a quick change came over her face. It was as if a mask had been set up between us behind which she was hiding from me.

"I guess he likes you," she answered

ed guardedly. "I never heard him say one way or the other."

"While we're talking about the apartment," I went on, "did my great uncle happen to leave a forwarding address with you? There are some things I want to send him—some pearls they left behind—and he has not written me yet where his address will be."

I had not intended to mention the Gaston pearls. I had slipped that phrase in on the spur of the moment, but little was I prepared for the astounding effect my words had upon her.

"The pearls!" she gasped, turning white. "You're going to send him the Gaston pearls?"

There was a note of amazement, of incredulity in her tone.

"Excuse me," she said, rising unexpectedly. "I gotta telephone."

Before I could gather my wits together she had vanished, leaving me sitting there, staring after her in dismay. What did she—the telephone girl—know about the Gaston pearls? How could she possibly know that they were missing? I had told no one—no one except Barbara Bradford—about the rifled wall safe. How could her excitement and perturbation be accounted for except by the fact that she knew of their loss? I was sitting there, puzzling over her mysterious conduct, when I became aware that a man was standing beside my table, glaring down at me. I looked up, expecting to see the waiter, or head

waiter. Instead it was a man in a dinner jacket, a stocky, broad-shouldered chap with a close-cropped gray mustache.

"You're got your nerve," he sneered at me. "Bringing a woman of that sort here."

"A woman of what sort?" I asked eagerly, surprised to find someone in a place of this sort who knew the Granddeck's telephone girl.

"Why, Lefty Moore's wife, of course."

"I don't understand," I replied. "I'm here with Miss Kelly."

"Oh, she told you that was her name, did she?"

"I know it's her name. She's the telephone girl in the apartment where I live—the Granddeck."

I could see his manner toward me change at the mention of my abode, but he was still insistent about the identity of my companion.

"How well do you know her?" he asked.

"Well"—I am afraid I colored, as I realized that my acquaintance with the girl was limited—"I've been living there for a week or so, and I've talked with her two or three times and—"

"I thought so," said my inquisitor. "There's nothing to it. She's Lefty Moore's woman all right. If I'd seen you come in with her, you'd never have got a table in this place."

"What is the matter with her? Who is Lefty Moore?"

An expression of amazement came into the man's face.

"Did you never hear tell of Lefty Moore, the cleverest three-time burglar there is in or out of Sing Sing? Fourteen years he got the last time, and it was quite a write-up the papers gave me for catching him."

It began to dawn on me then who the man was. He must be an ex-policeman employed as the restaurant bouncer or house detective.

"You're sure Miss Kelly and Lefty Moore's wife are the same person?"

"I've reasons for not forgetting her. She was with him that time when I took him. I've got the marks of her nails in my face yet. It's her all right, even if she has gone to work as Miss Kelly while Lefty's doing his stretch. She's a bad one, she is."

"Is she a crook, too?" I asked excitedly. I was trying to measure up the importance of this astounding bit of information. Already my deductions had convinced me that some band of criminals was in collusion with someone in the apartment who was carrying out their plots against the Bradfords and me. I had been thinking of an apartment surreptitiously tenanted by a criminal gang.

"Well, I never heard him say one way or the other."

"While we're talking about the apartment," I went on, "did my great uncle happen to leave a forwarding address with you? There are some things I want to send him—some pearls they left behind—and he has not written me yet where his address will be."

I had not intended to mention the Gaston pearls. I had slipped that phrase in on the spur of the moment, but little was I prepared for the astounding effect my words had upon her.

"The pearls!" she gasped, turning white. "You're going to send him the Gaston pearls?"

There was a note of amazement, of incredulity in her tone.

"Excuse me," she said, rising unexpectedly. "I gotta telephone."

Before I could gather my wits together she had vanished, leaving me sitting there, staring after her in dismay. What did she—the telephone girl—know about the Gaston pearls? How could she possibly know that they were missing? I had told no one—no one except Barbara Bradford—about the rifled wall safe. How could her excitement and perturbation be accounted for except by the fact that she knew of their loss? I was sitting there, puzzling over her mysterious conduct, when I became aware that a man was standing beside my table, glaring down at me. I looked up, expecting to see the waiter, or head

waiter. Instead it was a man in a dinner jacket, a stocky, broad-shouldered chap with a close-cropped gray mustache.

"You're got your nerve," he sneered at me. "Bringing a woman of that sort here."

"A woman of what sort?" I asked eagerly, surprised to find someone in a place of this sort who knew the Granddeck's telephone girl.

"Why, Lefty Moore's wife, of course."

"I don't understand," I replied. "I'm here with Miss Kelly."

"Oh, she told you that was her name, did she?"

"I know it's her name. She's the telephone girl in the apartment where I live—the Granddeck."

I could see his manner toward me change at the mention of my abode, but he was still insistent about the identity of my companion.

"How well do you know her?" he asked.

"Well"—I am afraid I colored, as I realized that my acquaintance with the girl was limited—"I've been living there for a week or so, and I've talked with her two or three times and—"

"I thought so," said my inquisitor. "There's nothing to it. She's Lefty Moore's woman all right. If I'd seen you come in with her, you'd never have got a table in this place."

"What is the matter with her? Who is Lefty Moore?"

How much more likely that an employee of the place was in the pay of the plotters! And now to learn that the telephone girl was, if not a criminal herself, at least the associate of criminals.

"She's got no record that I know of," the detective admitted, "but she couldn't be Lefty Moore's wife without being a crook herself."

"That helps explain things," I said more to myself than to him.

"Explains what?" he asked suspiciously.

"Look here," I said with a new determination. "There have been some mysterious happenings in the Granddeck, and I brought this girl here to try to pump her. I asked her a question or two, and she became much embarrassed and confused. She jumped up and said she was going to the telephone. Do you suppose that she saw you and recognized you?"

"Not a chance," said the detective. "Well, I'd like to find out to whom she telephoned. Can you find out for me?"

"Sure I can, but you got to get her out of here."

"All right," I replied. "As soon as she returns to my table, I'll pay my check and we'll leave. I'll be back by and by and see if you've learned anything."

"Here she comes now," said the detective, hastily taking his departure, but I noticed that he had stationed himself behind some palms where he could watch the girl without being seen.

"Who was the fellow talking to you as I came up?" asked Miss Kelly curiously.

She was cool and collected now. Her telephone message—if she had been really phoning—seemed in some way to have fortified her.

"Oh, that fellow," I replied with assumed carelessness, "that was the manager of the place."

"What'd he want?"

"Nothing in particular. He just asked if everything was all right. Why?"

"He looked to me like a bull—like a detective I used to know," she hastily corrected herself.

Her slip in using the thieves' slang phrase served to aid in convincing me that my informant had been correct in his identification. I was as anxious now as the house detective to get her out of the restaurant, and summoning the waiter I hastened to pay my check.

"Let's stay for a couple of dances," she suggested.

"Sorry," I said, "but I can't dance"—mentally adding the words, "with you."

"Let's go then," she said disappointedly, and to my surprise on the way out she renewed the subject of Mr. Gaston.

"You were asking if the old gentleman left a forwarding address. He didn't leave any with me. If you find out where he is, will you let me or Mr. Wick know? Mr. Wick wants to get in touch with him."

Something told me then it must have been Mr. Wick she had telephoned to. Probably she had informed him I had been asking about the Gastons' address and had consulted him as to what answer to give. Putting the girl into a taxi I paid her driver to take her home and hurried back into the hotel. I found the house detective—James Gorman, I learned his name was—waiting for me in the lobby.

"Was it to the Granddeck she telephoned?" I asked eagerly.

"It was 9909 Plaza. That's a private number. I called up information, and she wouldn't tell me where it was. I'll find out tomorrow, though. There's other ways besides through 'information.'"

"If you find out you'll phone me right away, won't you?" I asked him, giving him my card.

"And have Lefty Moore's wife listening in," he suggested. "Nothing doing, son. You'd better call me from a public pay station."

"Word to the Women. It may not beget undue attention, but 240,162,943 needles were made in the United States last year. It would be pleasant mental recreation for a long evening to figure how many hours of labor, based on the proverb that a stitch in time saves nine, would have been saved the women of the nation if all these needles had been applied at the psychological moment."

First Gun of the Civil War. On the 9th of January, in 1861, the steamship Star of the West was sent by the federal government from New York with supplies and reinforcements for Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. When the Star of the West reached Charleston she was fired upon by Confederate batteries from the town and was obliged to turn back. This was the first actual gunning of the Civil war.

A night visit from a beautiful ghost.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Word to the Women. It may not beget undue attention, but 240,162,943 needles were made in the United States last year. It would be pleasant mental recreation for a long evening to figure how many hours of labor, based on the proverb that a stitch in time saves nine, would have been saved the women of the nation if all these needles had been applied at the psychological moment."

First Gun of the Civil War. On the 9th of January, in 1861, the steamship Star of the West was sent by the federal government from New York with supplies and reinforcements for Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. When the Star of the West reached Charleston she was fired upon by Confederate batteries from the town and was obliged to turn back. This was the first actual gunning of the Civil war.

A night visit from a beautiful ghost.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Word to the Women. It may not beget undue attention, but 240,162,943 needles were made in the United States last year. It would be pleasant mental recreation for a long evening to figure how many hours of labor, based on the proverb that a stitch in time saves nine, would have been saved the women of the nation if all these needles had been applied at the psychological moment."

First Gun of the Civil War. On the 9th of January, in 1861, the steamship Star of the West was sent by the federal government from New York with supplies and reinforcements for Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. When the Star of the West reached Charleston she was fired upon by Confederate batteries from the town and was obliged to turn back. This was the first actual gunning of the Civil war.

A night visit from a beautiful ghost.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Word to the Women. It may not beget undue attention, but 240,162,943 needles were made in the United States last year. It would be pleasant mental recreation for a long evening to figure how many hours of labor, based on the proverb that a stitch in time saves nine, would have been saved the women of the nation if all these needles had been applied at the psychological moment."

First Gun of the Civil War. On the 9th of January, in 1861, the steamship Star of the West was sent by the federal government from New York with supplies and reinforcements for Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. When the Star of the West reached Charleston she was fired upon by Confederate batteries from the town and was obliged to turn back. This was the first actual gunning of the Civil war.

A night visit from a beautiful ghost.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Word to the Women. It may not beget undue attention, but 240,162,943 needles were made in the United States last year. It would be pleasant mental recreation for a long evening to figure how many hours of labor, based on the proverb that a stitch in time saves nine, would have been saved the women of the nation if all these needles had been applied at the psychological moment."

First Gun of the Civil War. On the 9th of January, in 1861, the steamship Star of the West was sent by the federal government from New York with supplies and reinforcements for Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. When the Star of the West reached Charleston she was fired upon by Confederate batteries from the town and was obliged to turn back. This was the first actual gunning of the Civil war.

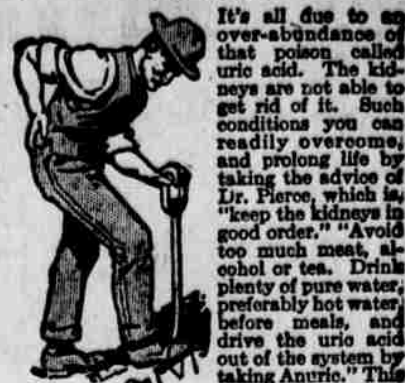
A night visit from a beautiful ghost.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Word to the Women. It may not beget undue attention, but 240,162,943 needles were made in the United States last year. It would be pleasant mental recreation for a long evening to figure how many hours of labor, based on the proverb that a stitch in time saves nine, would have been saved the women of the nation if all these needles had been applied at the psychological moment."

First Gun of the Civil War. On the 9th of January, in 1861, the steamship Star of the West was sent by the federal government from New York with supplies and reinforcements for Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. When the Star of the West reached Charleston she was fired upon by Confederate batteries from the town and was obliged to turn back. This was the first actual gunning of the Civil war.

Ouch! Such Pain! It Takes You Right In the Back! SOMETIMES IN THE ARM; HIP OR FOOT



It's all due to an over-abundance of that poison called uric acid. The kidneys are not able to get rid of it. Such conditions you can readily overcome, and prolong life by taking the advice of Dr. Pierce, which is "keep the